for this last flourish on me? am I one
selected out of all the husbands liuing,
to be so ridden by a Tit of ten pence
am I so blind and bed-rid? I was mad
& had the plague, and no man must come neere me,
I must be shut vp, and my substance beazeld,
and an old woman watch me.

Mari. Well Sir, well
you may glorie in't.

Petru. & when it comes to opening, 'tis my plot
I must vndoe my selfe forsooth, doost heare me,
if I should beate thee now as much as may be
dost thou not well deserue it; ô thy conscience,
dost thou not cry come beate me.

Mari. I defie you, and my last louing teares farewell; the first stroake
the very first you giue me, if you dare strike,
try me, and you shall find it so, for euer,
neuer to be recall'd; I know you loue me,
mad tell you haue enioy'd me; doe I turne
vtterly from you, and what man I meet first
that has a spiritt to deserue a fauour,
lett him beare anie shape, the worse the better,
shall kill you, and enioy me; what I haue said
about your foolish sicknesse, ere you haue me;
as you wo'ld haue me, you shall sweare is certaine,
and challenge anie man that dares denie it,
and in all companies approue my actions,
& so farewell for this time, — Exit.

Petru. Griefe goe with thee,
if there be anie witch-crafts, herbes, or potions,
Saying my prayers backwards, fiends or furies,

that can

That can againe vnlouе me, I am a man. Exit.

Enter Bianca & Franio

Fran. Faith Mrs you must doe it.

Bian Are the writings readie
I told ye?

Fran Yes they are readie,
but to what vse I know not.

Bian. Y'are an asse,
you must haue all things consterd.

Fra. Yes, and pereed to
or I finde a little pleasure.

Bian Now you are knauish,
goe to, fetch Rowland hether presently,
your twenty pounds lyes bleeding else, she is married
within these 12 houres if we crosse it not,
and see the papers of one size.

Fran. I haue yee.

Bian. & for disposing of them,

Fra. If I faile ye
now I haue found the way, vse martiall law
and cut my head off with a hand saw.

Bian Well Sir,
Petronius and Moroso Ile see sent for
about your busines, goe.

Fran. I am gone. — Exit.

Bian. Ho, Liuia! Enter Liuia.

Liuia Who's that?

Bian. A freind of yours: Lord! how you looke now
as if you had lost a carricke.

Liuia O Bianca!

I am